Jimmy's Jolt

Jimmy was perfectly honest, but he was careless.

"If that boy," said Atkinson, the senior partner, "would only steady down and attend to what he is doing and use a little common sense instead of being so infernally helter-skelter, he'd be all right! I'd have hopes of his growing up into a financial power in LaSalle street! He's the sort that you take into the firm out of self-defense, and he's bright as a dollar!"

"Bright as the dollar of mine he lost when I sent him for cigars, I suppose," added Brady, the junior partner. "Yes, Jimmy's all right in his way. I can't help liking the kid. It's a comfort to have an office boy around with human intelligence, after some we've had. He just needs a jolt, that's all."

"Well, he'd better get it pretty quick!" growled Atkinson. "Those papers he lost on the way over to Smith's caused the dickens of a row. If you want to get rid of anything, just to give to Jimmy to take somewhere! If he sat up nights planning how to lose things with neatness and dispatch he couldn't succeed better!"

It really looked serious for Jimmy. Brady, glimpsing the boy's bright, cheerful face, felt a good deal of concern. Jimmy was the sort that appealed to you—you wanted to help him on.

Two days later Brady rang the bell for Jimmy. He handed the boy a bank book and a bank bill. "I want you to take this," he said, distinctly, "at once to the bank. You'll have to hurry to get there before closing time. And be careful how you carry it, because, if you'll look at the bill, you'll see it's a big one—it's a thousand-dollar note."

"Gee!" breathed Jimmy. He held the bill in the extreme tips of his fingers as he turned it over. "Never saw one before!"

Then he departed.

Atkinson, during this little episode, had sat staring at his partner unbelievingly. As the door closed after Jimmy he recovered his breath.

"Have you gone quite insane?" he inquired.

"Nope," responded Brady.

"He'll lose it, sure as shooting!" declared Atkinson.

"Probably," admitted Brady, still calmly.

"Now I know you're insane!" concluded Atkinson. Then, with a shrug of his shoulders, he flung around to his desk.

Fifteen minutes later Jimmy walked in. He came as though invisible cords were pulling his feet against his will and his usually cheerful face was chalky white. He opened his lips once or twice, but no sound came forth. Then he crumpled up into a chair.

"I told you!" said Atkinson, jumping to his feet and glowering at Brady.

"What's the trouble, Jimmy?" asked Brady, in his usual tone.

"I—I lost it!" Jimmy got out, in a strangled voice. "Honest, Mr. Brady, I don't see how I could uv! It's gone! A thousand dollars!" He almost hissed the last three words to express their awfulness.

"Did you take it out of your pocket after you left this room?" Brady queried.

Jimmy nodded miserably. "I showed it to Sam in the office out there, 'cause I knew he'd never seen one, neither! An' then I stopped once in an alley to look at it, 'cause I knew I wouldn't have a chance at the bank! I was right at the bank, so I didn't put it back in my pocket, but I held it with the book tight in my hand! An' when I got to the bank window it was gone!"

Brady coughed and did not look at the wretched Jimmy. "I'll have the police look for it," he said. "Meanwhile, you go home, Jimmy, while I decide what to do with you! You've always been careless, and scolding doesn't seem to make any impression on you, but this is the limit!"

Jimmy crept out.

"He looked as though he was going to be hanged," commented Atkinson. "Pretty expensive experiment of yours, Brady!"

"That's all right," said Brady. "Jimmy's got something to think about, now!"

"I'd think I had, too, if I'd thrown away $1,000," said Atkinson.

It was nearly noon next day before Brady summoned Jimmy, who had been waiting in the outer office all morning to learn his fate.

"Have they found it?" he gasped out, as soon as he got inside.

"No," said Brady, shortly. Then he saw Jimmy's face. Brady has a tender heart.

"Look here, son," he said, "I guess you've had your jolt. I was dead sure you'd lose that money when I started you out, because you are never anything but careless. And I wanted you to see what trouble you'd eventually get into if you didn't cultivate a little responsibility. It was a counterfeit note, and a bad one, at that, and not worth a copper cent. But, you see, it might have been real. Do you think—"

"Oh, Mr. Brady!" half sobbed Jimmy, in an agony of relief, "I'll never be careless again, s'lon's I live! Never! If I can stay!"

"Confound you!" Atkinson said to Brady, when Jimmy had shut the door carefully after him. "You had me almost as worried as you had Jimmy!"

Perfectly Good Grievance

"Good afternoon," said the woman with the sharp chin, who had just walked into the dentist's office with her hat on one side, addressing the man who sat at the desk writing.

Before he could do more than look up she had drawn out the chair opposite and was looking forward earnestly. "I want to say," she bagon, "that Dr. Pribble, two blocks down the street, may be a particular friend of yours for all I know, but he ought to have his diploma taken away from him and the police ought to shut up his office before more innocent, unsuspecting people get taken in just because he has a smile like a Cheshire cat and looks as though he passed the plate every Sunday, though I don't believe he ever saw the inside of a church, let alone being trusted with any of the money. Though, to be sure, you don't look as though you'd be taken in by that sort of thing and I've no doubt, being in the same line of business, you hate each other like poison and are only too glad to get a customer away——"

"I——" began the man at the desk with his pen still held at a surprised angle of forty-five degrees.

"Just let me tell you what he did to me!" interrupted the woman with the sharp chin, hitching her chair nearer while her eyes snapped.

"I've always gone to Dr. Temmeck about my teeth," she rushed on, "him being married to a second cousin of mine and needing the money, because they have six children, and if two of 'em hadn't died from scarlet fever—no, it was diphtheria—my memory's not a bit of good since I had all this trouble with Dr. Pribble—they'd have eight, and what on earth they'd feed 'em on when things cost so much—breakfast food, too, which is filling—I don't know, so that it's lucky they lost two. I'd a gone to Dr. Temmeck this time, only Susie, the next to the oldest girl, got lung trouble and they all had to move out west, and land knows what I'd have done if Mrs. Levitt in the flat below hadn't told me to go to Dr. Pribble, she's a nice woman and all that, but——"

"I——" got in the man at the desk again, but she swept on .

"Every last thing I had the matter with my teeth," indignantly declared the client, "was an ache in a wisdom tooth and a small filling needed in the next one, for if I ain't a dentist they're my own teeth, and I guess I ought to know better how they feel than any one else, if he has got framed diplomas so thick on the wall you can't see it, hadn't I?"

"Why, if——"

"I knew you'd agree with me!" interrupted the woman with the sharp chin. "He just thought I was easy and he told me they'd both have to be crowned, and me expecting to order my winter suit the next week and, of course, if I had to pay for crowns I couldn't. But nobody wants to have her cheeks fall in and there he was with his smile and I thought he knew it all, so he crowned 'em and I paid him on the spot! I suppose you do it the same way, but I must say of all the filing and sawing and pounding to get two perfectly good teeth—except for the ache and the small filling needed—out of the way I never saw the like! It was like having a powder mine explode in my mouth, and him a-purrin' and murmurin', 'Just a minute, now, just a min-ute!' I thought he'd murder me before he got through, and I couldn't bite down on 'em natural at all, and him saying it'd be all right when I got used to 'em! If——"

"Will you please——" broke in the man at the desk with a worried frown.

"And the sewing society met the next day," proceeded the woman with the sharp chin, emphatically, "and while, of course, it's for charity, we do have the nicest refreshments. You never saw such nut sandwiches as Mollie Hess makes, though I pity whoever marries her, because she can't cook another living blessed thing, and goodness knows no man wants to live on nut sandwiches all his life! Well, with everyone looking at me I bit down hard on my sandwich and bit a piece of nut-shell, and I must have wrenched my gold crowns, because they both came off, and there I sat with 'em in my mouth, afraid I'd cough and swallow 'em or strangle to death.

"If I was a man I'd go knock that purry smile off Dr. Pribble's face for keeps, but what's a poor woman to do when her refined instincts won't let her lower herself——"

"Madam," cried the man at the desk, "I——"

"I never want to lay eyes on him again!" said the woman with the sharp chin, feeling for her handkerchief, "and I says to myself, I'll go into the first dentist's office I see down the street, for no matter how poor a one he is he can't be as bad as Dr. Pribble, and your sign was the first I saw and now, Dr. Stubbs, when can you attend to me?"

"I'm not Dr. Stubbs!" shouted the man at the desk as she stopped. "Dr. Stubbs is out and I was writing a letter while I waited for him to come back. I'm just a personal friend of his and I don't know a tooth from a doorknob. I'm in the automobile business."

"Well, all I've got to say," declared the client with injured dignity, getting to her feet, "is that if you were a gentleman you'd have told me that sooner!"

From Lucile's Diary

Sometimes I think that mother fairly revels in house cleaning. The semi-annual unheavals that she insists upon do not seem in the least necessary to me. Still, as I wish to help her in any way I can, I usually leave home during the siege, for I know it is easier to clean house when there is not a large family to take care of.

Last week, when the calciminers appeared, therefore, I went out to Uncle John's farm. When I arrived I was naturally annoyed to find Aunt Anna in the midst of putting up grape juice and making pickles.

"You see, we are in quite a mess," said Aunt Anna in greeting me, "but we shall be through in a day or two and then we can have a good time riding in your Uncle John's automobile."

"Why, has Uncle John got a car?" I asked. "I'm so glad. I wonder if he will give me a little ride in it today?"

"No, he can't," said Aunt Anna, "because he's over at May's farm, helping fill the silo. Tomorrow, too, there's a lot of work to do, but by Thursday he'll have time to take us to the county fair."

"The county fair!" I echoed. "I don't believe I care about county fairs. I'm not particularly interested in pumpkins."

"Well, you don't have to go if you don't want to," remarked Aunt Anna, rather sharply. "I suppose you're not interested in grape juice and pickles, either."

"I should love to help you, aunty, if I had time," I replied, pleasantly, "but I must work while here on the paper I have to write for our club, the Dix Amies."

"What's the subject of your paper?"

"'The Theory of Household Economics.'"

"It's a good thing it's the theory," commented Aunt Anna.

Thursday, at breakfast, Uncle John said to Aunt Anna, "I saw Luke Wright at the creamery this morning and I told him to tell Lucy to be ready and we'd take her to the fair. I know she'll be interested in the automobile races."

"Automobile races!" I repeated. "Then I'm glad I've decided to go. You see, Aunt Anna, I've got as far along on my essay as I can get without more reference books."

Aunt Anna did not look as pleased as I had expected and as I hurried upstairs to change my frock I could hear Uncle John's voice raised in argument.

"No, Anna, you shall not stay home, nor shall Nan," he was saying. "The first time I go to he county fair in my own machine my wife and daughter shall go along."

When my 15-year-old cousin Nan and I got into the back of the little car and Aunt Anna sat down by Uncle John we filled it so completely that I naturally thought Uncle John would not take Lucy Wright, but he drove straight to her house.

"You sit in there with the girls," he said as Lucy, who must weigh at least 160 pounds, came out to the car.

I think I was never so uncomfortably crowded in my life before. Soon I told Uncle John that I simply couldn't stand it.

"Yes, the seat's only intended for two," he remarked. "But what's to be done?"

"Some one might sit on the floor of the car in front," I suggested.

Lucy Wright, who seemed a very good-natured person, immediately placed her ponderous self at Aunt Anna's feet.

"I'm afraid we have too much weight on one side of the car," said Uncle John.

Just then we came to a muddy stretch of road, into which he went slowly, instead of putting on more force and getting quickly through it, as I should have done. Suddenly the wheels on the heavy side of the car plunged deep into the mud and we stopped with a jerk. No amount of effort on Uncle John's part would make the car stir.

At last he said, "We'll have to get out and push her out of this mudhole."

Of course I could not step into the mud in my white buckskin shoes, but the others pushed and pushed until finally the car was on comparatively dry land. But, try as he would, Uncle John simply couldn't make it go. He grew more and more angry as farmers kept driving by in their wagons, each asking what was the matter.

We women decided to walk home, a distance of three miles! Aunt Anna said so much about the foolishness of overloading a car that I was really sorry for that dreadfully heavy Miss Wright, who must have felt very guilty and uncomfortable. Still, I do not see why Uncle John did not buy a large touring car instead of that silly little thing that carries only four people. I told Aunt Anna what I thought about it.

"Kindly don't criticise our automobile, Lucile; that's the last straw," she said, so unpleasantly that I determined to go home at once, even if the house cleaning was not done.

Uncle John, with his machine towed in by a larger car, reached home just as the hired man was driving me to the station.

"Good-by! Better luck next time," I called gayly, but he scarcely looked up.

I [illegible] regret that Uncle John's [illegible]

HOW RICE PAPER IS MADE

Pulp of Aralia Tree Is Used and Not Rice as Is Popularly Supposed.

The so-called rice-paper is not made from rice, as its name implies, but from the snow white pith of a small tree belonging to the genus Aralia, a genus represented in this country by the common sarsaparilla and the spikenard. The tree grows in Formosa, and, so far as is known, nowhere else.

The stems are transported to China and there the rice paper is made. It is used, aside from a number of other purposes, by the native artists for water color drawings, and sometimes it is dyed in various colors and made into artificial flowers.

The tools of the pith worker comprise a smooth stone about a foot square and a large knife or hatchet with a short wooden handle. The blade is about a foot long, two inches broad and nearly half an inch thick at the back, and it is as sharp as a razor.

Placing a piece of the cylindrical pith on the stone, and his left hand on the top, the pith worker will roll the pith backward and forward for a moment until he gets it in the required position.

Then, seizing the knife with his right hand, he will hold the edge of the blade, after a feint or two, close to the pith, which he will keep rolling to the left with his left hand until nothing remains to unroll; for the pith has, by the application of the knife, been pared into a square white sheet of uniform thickness. All that remains to be done is to square the edges.

If one will roll up a sheet of paper, lay it on the table, place the left hand on top and gently unroll it to the left he will have a good idea of how the feat is accomplished.

FIND ROOM FOR THIN FOLKS

Traveling Man Saves Hour's Time Because He Gets In With Herd of Cassiuses.

"Because I am thin myself and was fortunate enough to strike a bunch of lean folks I saved an hour's time on my last trip to Boston," said the traveling man.

"About two hours before train time I went over to Harvard sightseeing. A guide who conducts tourists through the university buildings in groups of 20 had just rounded up the regulation number, and was starting out on a trip, but when he saw me and two other lantern jawed chaps hike into view he called out: 'Come on, you three; there's room for you also.'

"Before we had passed the second exhibit the head guide came up, counted us, and reprimanded our guide for exceeding the number.

"'That's all right,' said our man. 'They're all thin.'

"Apparently that excuse was satisfactory to the head guide, for he nodded and went away, but it caused the herd of Cassiuses to clamor for further explanation. They got it.

"'Visitors can see and hear satisfactorily only at a certain distance from the exhibits,' he said. 'Fat people take up so much room that in a big party some one is sure to be crowded out, but thin folks like you can squeeze up close, and two or three more do not inconvenience anybody.'

"When we came out an hour later we met the next party just going in. If I had been fat I should have had to waste all that time waiting for them."

Fossils and Gold.

In Alaska the bones, and often the entire bodies of extinct animals, such as the mammoth, the mastodon, the reindeer, and the bison, are found most abundantly in layers of soil directly above gold bearing gravels. So intimaate is this association between fossil animal remains and auriferous deposits that one scientist, who has lately explored Alaska, says fossils serve prospectors as indexes of the metallic richness of the soil. In ancient times both the gold and the bones and bodies of the animals were deposited at the bottoms of valleys by action of rivers and smaller streams, many of which have now disappeared. Consequently the appearance of fossils is, it is claimed, an almost certain indication that gold will be found in the neighborhood. The cabins of many miners are ornamented with huge tusks and antlers unearthed in the diggings.

Old Skewers.

A novel present given to a bride-to-be at a housekeeping shower was a set of four old silver skewers. The handles were quaintly carved and always a matter of admiration and comment when drawn from a roast by the host.

So delighted was the giver by the success of her present that she has started collecting them in antique shops and on old farms and tumble-down houses on her travels. The advantage of such a collection is that it has not been done to death, so valuable finds are more probable.

Death for Bacteria.

Bacteria that survive in sunlight are killed by the ultra-violet rays from mercury-vapor lamps with quartz tubes. Two French investigators report that the killing is not due to the formation of hydrogen peroxide or other chemical poison, but to the direct action of ultra-violet rays of extremely short wave-length. Such rays, abundant in artificial light from the quartz lamps near at hand, are filtered from sunlight by passage through the atmosphere.

TRYING TO BE OBLIGING

Before a blazing fire Miss Belinda and her brother were passing their last evening of the season in their summer home. Miss Belinda, smiling a little wistfully at her own thoughts, watched the leaping flames.

"Ben," she said, "without being the least cynical, I've come to the conclusion that gratuitous helpfulness isn't—well, isn't appreciated."

"Oh, did you just find that out?" inquired her brother. "How have you gained this long-deferred knowledge?"

"This morning," began Miss Belinda, "when I was putting so many of our things away for the winter, it occurred to me that several of our belongings might be enjoyed by some of our neighbors, who seem to have so little to make their lives bright. It seemed to me, for instance, that it would be a pity to leave my reading lamp locked up here all winter when it might make the long evenings at the Dodds' more cheerful. So I had Mattie fill and clean it and then I carried it up the hill to the farmhouse myself and offered it to Mrs. Dodd.

"'Well,' she said, 'of course if you'd like to leave it here for safe keeping, you can, just as well as not. It won't look bad on the center table in the parlor and anyway we shut up that room in cold weather.'

"'But I wish you to have the use of it,' I explained.

"'Oh, I don't set any store by those big fancy lamps—they burn too much oil,' she answered, as she opened the door of the sepulchral parlor and set the despised object on the center table next to the photograph album."

"Did you leave it there?" asked Ben.

"Yes, for I hadn't the courage to say that, as she didn't like it, I'd take it home."

"Probably she's reading by its bright refulgence at this moment," laughed Ben.

"I determined not to be discouraged," proceeded Miss Belinda, "so I took the basketful of magazines I had gathered together for the Stewarts over to their place. I met Mr. Stewart at the gate.

"'I thought perhaps you and the boys would enjoy some light reading,' I said.

"'I never read anything myself,' he replied, 'except the weekly paper. I s'pose maybe the boys will look over them magazines after the fall work is done. But I don't think much of having a lot of reading stuff in the house. It's liable to take up the time the boys ought to give to their regular chores.'

"I humbly suggested that the boys must have some leisure on rainy days and winter evenings, and he said I could leave the magazines if I wanted to. I saw Miss Stewart when I went into the house to avail myself of this gracious permission, and I asked her if she wouldn't like the use of my sewing machine during the winter. When I went to her 'quilting' last spring I saw what an old thrashing machine hers is."

"'No, thank you, Miss Belinda,' she said. 'I've used our machine ever since I came here to keep house for my brother and the boys and I wouldn't know how to make their shirts on any other kind. You're real kind, but it would be an awful bother for me to learn the tricks of a new fangled machine.'"

"She's a dear old stand-patter, isn't she?" said Ben.

"Yes, and I didn't mind her refusal at all, but I was quite angry for a moment at Mrs. Merton's way of declining a large package of macaroni which I thought she'd like, for one day, when I kept her to lunch she ate some with great relish.

"'I know it's not for sale in the village groceries,' I said by way of explanation, as I gave it to her.

"'Not much would be sold if it was,' she remarked, 'for it ain't good without cheese, is it?'

"'Most people like it cooked with cheese,' I admitted, meekly.

"'Well,' she said, 'it would cost more than it would come to for me to try to use it, for cheese is expensive, and I ain't one of the extravagant kind.'"

"This day's experiences ought to make you happier," remarked Ben. "You have found our neighbors around here content with what they have and certainly contentment is worth a great deal more than any modern conveniences, periodical literature or foreign food products. Isn't that so?"

"Yes, I suppose so," reluctantly agreed Miss Belinda, "but I wanted the fun of helping."

Mrs. Barlow Brings Tommy to Tears

"The camel," answered Mr. Barlow "is chiefly found in those burning climates which you have heard described. His height is very great, rising to 14 or 15 feet, reckoning to the top of his head; his legs are long and slender, his body not large, and his neck of amazing length. This animal is found in no part of the world that we are acquainted with, wild or free; but the whole race is enslaved by man and brought up to drudgery from the first moment of their existence."

Here the interest and concern which had been long visible in Tommy's face could no longer be repressed, and tears began to trickle down his face —From "Sanford and Merton."

Suspicious.

"What makes you think he is a hypocrite?"

"He smiled yesterday when his hat blew in the mud."

LETTERS TO HIS WIFE

Lampower was a great believer in individual rights and so far as reading his wife's correspondence was concerned he would have been as likely to listen at keyholes or steal candy from babies.

Still, his wife being away from home, he wanted a list of books they had made out together, so he rummaged in her desk to find it. When he unfolded the paper he took to be the list he found it closely written over in a queer, jerky style, and it began: "My Darling!" Now, in the first place, it was not Lampower's writing. In the second place, what right had any other man to call Louise his darling? Or she to let him? Lampower, with frowning brows and compressed lips, unbelievingly and grimly read through the amazing epistle. For it was amazing! Lampower had written a few love letters himself in the course of a tempestuous youthful existence, but he never remembered bursting into anything like this. It took his breath away.

"The idiot!" he said out loud as he finished.

He found he was clutching the paper in both hands as though to tear it, so he smoothed it out carefully and refolded it. Then he found it had been merely the top letter on a pile of similar ones. They had lain in the far recess of the pigeonhole. Feeling that he might as well know the worst, he drew out all the letters and went through them. They were all in the same writing, but the form of address varied. Sometimes they began "Sweetheart," or "My Own," and once it was just "Dear One!"

Lampower gave vent to a groan that was mostly a growl. It made him sick to think of Louise losing her head over some long-haired chap with poetic tendencies. He knew the fellow who could write such rubbish must be the sort that a normal man would like to kick. And Louise had liked that sort of thing! That was evident from the pile of letters, which, by the way, were denuded of their envelopes. Clever of her! For a pile of folded sheets of paper would not look suspicious. Then, naturally, she did not expect Lampower to prowl through her desk.

They were rhapsodic bursts, almost impersonal in their ravings. Only occasionally was the beauty of Louise's eyes or hair mentioned. Mostly the letters were dizzy soarings in a sea of flubdub that made a man feel as though he had been eating too many marshmallows and had powdered sugar scattered over his face clear up to his ears. And these unspeakably nauseating effusions had been sent to his Louise?

What got Lampower the hardest was the discovery that she cared for such stuff. He had always been proud of her common sense. When he had written to her before they were married he had always been careful to prune his effusions and to be chary of unloading too much adoration on paper for fear of her disliking it. And now—she was cherishing these!

That was the most of his dismay. Lampower had a fair amount of conceit, so not for a minute did he worry about Louise's being in love with the jellyfish who had written these letters. Of course, it hurt him to find that he did not fill her life as completely as he had thought, and she had forgotten her dignity sufficiently to be fascinated by these maunderings of an imbecile.

His illusions went crashing all about his ears as he sat mechanically piling the letters up and then spreading them out at random. Each time his eyes caught a phrase or sentence he almost snorted. And yet, as he told himself, one does not snort with a broken heart, and assuredly his heart was not broken!

Then, just as white-hot needles of anguish began to sear him and the blood began to rush to his face, he heard Louise come in. He got to his feet with the letters in his hand and stood before her. That she looked particularly carefree and pink and blooming was an added insult.

Lampower simply held the letters out to her. "What are these?" he inquired in a repressed voice. It was quite like a scene from a play and he felt it.

Louise behaved as he had expected she would when confronted by exposure. She made a dash toward the letters.

"Oh!" she cried, in a tremulous voice. "I woldn't have you see those for the world! They—you see—that class I belong to for the study of English makes us compose things, and Mrs. Sponson had to write a series of love letters in the romantic style and then I had to compose the answers! It's to make us fluent, you know! And you'd simply roar if you read 'em, because they're awful stuff, Jim!" as with a woman's clairvoyance she guessed a little of what had happened, "did you—have you read them? And you thought—oh, my goodness, you [illegible] thought that they were real—"

Lampower looked at his wife, who had sunk into a chair, choking with giggles. He felt himself shrinking.

"Certainly not!" he said, hastily. "I never thought any such thing!"

And Mrs. Lampower was kind enough to let it go at that.